and the evening and the morning were the third day

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and the evening and the morning were the third day

by peacefrog

Summary

Will is so painfully hard he can barely think. He wants slide right into Hannibal's body, has spent ample time making a space for himself there, but all he can do is thrust desperately between Hannibal's cheeks, dragging across the slickness of his open hole, teeth sinking into the tender flesh of his neck.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Will is draped across Hannibal's back, sucking a bruise into his nape, hard cock thrusting into the cleft of his ass. He's spent the past half hour opening Hannibal up with his fingers and his tongue, relishing every strangled noise that spilled from his lips.

Now, Will is so painfully hard he can barely think. He wants slide right into Hannibal's body, has spent ample time making a space for himself there, but all he can do is thrust desperately between Hannibal's cheeks, dragging across the slickness of his open hole, teeth sinking into the tender flesh of his neck.

Will comes with a strangled moan into Hannibal's hair, Hannibal muffling a sob into his pillow. When Will falls down between his legs to lick up his mess, he sees Hannibal has jerked himself off all over the sheets below.

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Will has Hannibal spread out on the living room floor, settled in between his legs, suckling at the head of his cock. He's two fingers deep in Hannibal's ass, stroking his prostate as he leaks all over his tongue. Hannibal comes with a gasp into the crook of his arm, hand fisted in Will's curls.

Will crawls up Hannibal's body, nipping at his lips and licking into his mouth, thrusting his erection into the space next to Hannibal's softening cock. He sits back on his heels, stroking himself as Hannibal spreads himself wide, exposing his hole in open invitation. Will wants nothing more than to fall between his legs and slip inside, feel the tight heat of Hannibal's body surround him, but before he can make a move, he's coming in hot spurts all over his fist.

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"I want you inside me," Hannibal says, the first light of morning spilling in from outside.

"I want to," Will breathes into Hannibal's neck, nipping at his ear.

"I opened myself up while you were sleeping," Hannibal says, glancing at Will over his shoulder.

Will reaches down to run his fingers around Hannibal's hole, slick and open and inviting. Will's cock leaks freely at the thought, Hannibal on his knees beside the bed, slicking up his fingers and fucking himself on them until he knew he'd be ready to take Will deep the moment he opened his eyes.

Will slides in so easy, it pulls all the air right from his lungs. He buries himself to the hilt before pulling out again, Hannibal grunting obscenely each time Will slowly thrusts back inside.

“I wanna see you,” Will says, sucking kisses in the space behind Hannibal’s ear.

“Don’t stop,” Hannibal pleads. “Not yet. Please.”

Will groans, thrusting in hard and deep, reaching around to stroke Hannibal’s length, slick with pre-come. “You feel so good,” he huffs out, muffling a sob in Hannibal’s neck. “So good.”

The noise that escapes Hannibal is something angry and wild, a twisted growl pulled up from the deepest recesses of his belly. He spills all over Will’s hand, shameless moans falling out into the early morning light, and Will cannot help but follow soon behind. He comes still stroking Hannibal through his own release, sinking his teeth into the crook of Hannibal’s neck hard enough to break the skin.

“Don’t you feel better now?” Hannibal mumbles out, rolling onto his back and pulling Will close to snuggle against his chest.

Will hums his reply, words uselessly lodged beneath his tongue as he presses his ear to the steady drumming of Hannibal’s heart.

Chapter 2

Hannibal has been settled in between Will's legs, lavishing his hole with long swipes of his tongue, since the sun just started to peak below the horizon. Now, moonlight spilling through the ink-black night, he can't seem to pull himself away.

"Hannibal," Will whines. "*Please."*

Hannibal slicks up his fingers, slipping one into the tight heat of Will's body, adding a second just as Will's cock begins to leak in earnest, pre-come pooling across his belly. When Hannibal rubs against Will's prostate with a skillful crook of his fingers, Will comes in hot spurts that streak up to his chest and splash against his beard.

Hannibal crawls up Will's body to lap at his release, rutting against him like an animal as he mouths at his scar, coming all over Will's hip with a muffled sob into the hollow of his throat.

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Hannibal wakes to Will jerking off in bed beside him, the mattress groaning as he thrusts up into his fist, legs spread wide, feet planted firmly against the sheets. "Good morning," he purrs. "I was hoping you would join me."

Hannibal rolls over, planting sleepy kisses along Will's jaw as he reaches down to replace Will's hand with his own. "Couldn't wait for me?"

Will moans when Hannibal wraps one strong hand around him. "I had a dream about you," he says.

"What was I doing?"

"You were fucking me," Will says, room filling with the slick sound of his cock gliding into Hannibal's fist. "Filling me up."

"Is that what you want?" Hannibal whispers against Will's ear. "You want me to fuck you?"

"God, Hannibal, yes," Will hisses, coming all over Hannibal's fingers.

Hannibal strokes him until he's overstimulated and going soft in his hand. He crawls down the bed, throwing Will's legs up to get at his hole, but he can't stop himself from rutting against the silky slide of the sheets. He comes with a strangled moan, mouthing at the skin just behind Will's balls.

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"I have a surprise for you," Will says, wrapping his arms around Hannibal where he stands chopping onions in the kitchen.

"Can it wait until after dinner?" Hannibal asks, shooting Will a soft smile over his shoulder.

“Why don’t you tell me.” Will pulls the knife from Hannibal’s hand. It clangs against the cutting board as Will spins Hannibal around to crowd him against the counter.

Will is dressed in nothing but his favorite pair of boxers, one size too small and wearing thin. He takes Hannibal’s hand, shoving it down the back of his shorts to feel between his cheeks. Hannibal’s fingers stroke against smooth ridges, the round base of a glass plug lying against the puckered skin of Will’s entrance.

“Taking a little page out of your book, doctor,” Will says, nosing at Hannibal’s jaw. “All you have to do is slip it out, and fill me up.”

Hannibal growls. “Turn around. Hands flat on the counter,” he says. “I’ll be right back.”

“You turn around,” Will says.

Hannibal turns to see a small bottle of lubrication on the counter behind them. “That’s my boy,” he says.

Will turns his back, positioning himself as Hannibal instructed, shorts clinging to the swell of his ass in the most beautiful way. Hannibal stares just a moment too long, memorizing every detail to recreate in pencil later.

Hannibal pulls Will’s boxers down around his ankles. Will kicks them to the side as Hannibal sinks to his knees, spreading Will’s cheeks and smiling when he sees the bright pink flowered base of the plug.

“It was the the only one at the shop that wasn’t terrifying in size,” Will says, huffing out a laugh.

“It suits you.” Hannibal presses a soft kiss to each of Will’s cheeks, licking around the base of the plug before slowly removing it.

Will’s hole is slick and open, and Hannibal can’t help but press the flat of his tongue to the rim, lapping at it slow as Will’s intoxicating scent overwhelms his senses.

“Please, Hannibal,” Will begs. “Please.”

Hannibal forces himself to pull away, rising to his feet and slicking up his cock as Will falls down to press his cheek to the counter, arching his back and spreading his legs wide. Hannibal grips Will’s hip, lining himself up and slowly pressing into the tight heat of Will’s body.

“Fuck!” Will shouts when Hannibal is halfway in, bunching his hands into tight fists above his head.

Hannibal retreats, pulling out and smoothing a hand down Will’s spine. “Relax,” he says. “I’ll only go as deep as you want me to.”

“No,” Will whines. “No. I want all of you.”

Hannibal slicks himself and Will up with more lube, hand threaded in Will's curls as he presses back in as slow as he can manage. Will muffles a sob in the crook of his elbow as Hannibal sinks in the rest of the way.

"Don't move," Will begs. "Stay right there. Just for a second. I can feel you so deep."

Hannibal's head falls down between Will's shoulders. "I'm not going to last much longer I'm afraid," he says.

"Me neither," Will breathes out.

Hannibal begins rocking his hips in a slow and steady rhythm, orgasm already beginning to build at the base of his spine. "Will," he gasps, gripping Will's hips hard enough to bruise.

"I can feel you everywhere," Will breathes out. "So deep."

It's too much for Hannibal to take, reaching around to stroke Will's length in time with his increasingly erratic thrusts. They come in tandem, Will making a mess of the floor below, Hannibal filling Will up with his release, only pulling out when he starts to go soft inside him.

They collapse against the cool tile floor, smiling and sated, the dinner Hannibal was preparing the furthest thing from his mind.

End Notes

Original prompts here and here.

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